

BRILLIANTS.

To me the meaneast flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

"I long to see the unseen corner,
Each boy turns ripe in secret summer,
The joys which I anticipate."

—Whittier.

For me no dirges musical,
No brass on the cathedral wall,
All things are your memorial.

The wind upbreathing from the shore
Is like your footsteps on the floor,
Is like your hand upon the door.

A silent presence ever near,
Round books your fingers touched last
year.

—M. Kendall.

VIEW OF THE MATTERHORN.

The difficulties of its ascent partially
overcome—Fate of the Conquerors.

At half-past five in the morning I obtained my first and best view of the sublime Matterhorn from a chamber of the hotel. It was like an instantaneous photograph. Perhaps not a second elapsed before a drifting cloud covered the summit. But in that fleeting moment the view was complete. In the pure air of Zermatt itself, 5,300 feet high, the stars shine with an intensity unknown to lower regions, and mountains which are miles away seem to overhang the village. The height of the Matterhorn is about 14,700 feet. This great it is, about not count for so much but for the peculiar shape of the peak. As seen from Zermatt it presents two sides of a pyramid of solid rock. These rise at very sharp angles from a slender base, and terminate in the form of a horn. This actually curves at the top. It recalls to mind a walrus tooth or the horn of a rhinoceros. A slight coating of snow mantles only a part of this rocky mountain.

Nothing could seem more difficult than the ascent of the Matterhorn. As the peak at the wonder grows that the little churchyard of the hamlet, which holds the bodies of the three who paid with their lives for the honor of "conquering" it twenty years ago, is not filled with victims of the same ambition. In the precious instant of my observation I mark the route by which those daring men made their ascent. There is the "shoulder," which they passed triumphantly. Then is the steepest of slopes, up which they were the pioneers. There is the precipice of 4,000 feet, down which four of the party slipped as they were returning from their victory. And, somewhere down there among the eternal snow, perhaps in the fathomless crevasse of a glacier, is still buried the body of Lord Douglas, one of the most illustrious members of the expedition. But while I am identifying these points of interest, a cloud eclipses all.

I had seen just enough of the obstacles of the Matterhorn to increase my amazement at the well-known fact that it is often ascended with safety nowadays. It should be remembered that ropes have been securely fastened to the sides of the mountain in the worst places, and make the task less difficult than formerly. There are guides standing in the street in front of this hotel who would conduct you to the top of the Matterhorn and bring you back alive for a moderate sum. But they would not start to-day or to-morrow. They would wait until July, when the snow had melted and left the lower part of the Matterhorn bare. Even now, however, an offer large enough will procure the attempt, and probably a successful one—to accomplish this greatest of Alpine feats—Switzerland. Cor. Journal of Commerce.

Coming to a Wise Conclusion.
One summer evening, after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunder-storm came up.

Their cries stounded side by side, and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them.

They wondered whether they would be killed right off and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal.

But tired nature could not hold on as long as the storm.

Harry became very sleepy, and at last with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow: "Well, I'm going to trust in God."

Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well, I guess I will too."

And they both went to sleep, without more words.—Youth's Companion.

The Northernmost Editor in the World.

The man who probably claims this distinction is the printer and Equimaux poet, L. Moller, who edits the illustrated Equimaux paper, Atunglutit, published at Godthaab, a Danish colony on the west coast of Greenland 64 degrees north latitude. This enterprising journalist joined the expedition of Nordenskiöld for the exploration of the interior of Greenland in order to be able to supply his paper with illustrated reports of the journey. Nordenskiöld gives a portrait of Moller in his recent published work on Greenland, and the face looks remarkably intelligent and good natured. His sketches, too, show considerable talent, being vivid and true to nature. The Equimaux editor is an interesting man.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Private Car for Mrs. Pullman.
The private car in which Mrs. Pullman travels is in imitation of a modern dwelling. Divans of more than Turkish luxuriance occupy the centers and sides of the main room in the center of the car, while reclining chairs, ottomans and easy chairs are scattered around. A magnificent cabinet organ is one of the hand-some ornaments of the drawing-room.

The dining-room and sleeping and kitchen apartments are fitted up on the same magnificent scale.—New York Mail and Express.

Doctors in the United States.

The United States have nearly three times as many doctors as England, and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population.—Chicago Journal.

A St. Louis newspaper claims to have printed a history of the last man who was killed in the war of the rebellion.

There are 3,000 journals published in Asia, of which no fewer than 3,000 appear in Japan.

A Methodist missionary has been appointed chief physician of the Chinese army.

BALL PLAYERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Matters Other Than Skill Upon Which They Believe Victory Depends.

Few persons who attend the great baseball games in this vicinity know that the ball players are not generally understood that skill is very little to do with the result of a match. A bird flying over the field, the flag blowing in a certain direction, a little boy picked up by one of the nines, a goat or a dog wandering across the diamond while the game is going on—these are the things which incline victory to one side or the other. Mascots seem to be the latest craze among ball players. Last season the mascot of the Chicago club was the cause of their winning the championship—that is, the players say so, and it would be hard work to change their opinion. The Detroit club are trying the mascot business this season, and they think with success. Managers say that the idea of a mascot helps a club to win is undoubtedly a game without it, and should be forced to go on the field without it, the idea that he would lose would be so impressed upon his mind that he surely would lose the game. In St. Louis last season, the jersey was at the laundry; and he could not get it out. He was so affected that he cried. The jersey was recovered, however, by the directors of the club just in the nick of time, and Porter won the game.

The Detroit club have a colored boy born with teeth, and they would not exchange him for his weight in gold. The Metropolitan club, as a whole, believe that white stockings and blue caps are the only lucky dress that a player can wear. If the club see a load of empty barrels going in the same direction as themselves, it is a sign of good luck. Last fall, when there was a great demand for the pictures of the New York team, they refused to have them taken, as they were laboring under the belief that it would bring them bad luck. Their recent bad luck was owing, they say, to their not having a mascot. Now that they have one, they are playing good ball.

Smith, of the Brooklyn club, has a mascot all to himself. He takes him on the field every day, and has him bat fly balls, which Smith catches. Thus Smith says he is sure of getting two or three base hits in the following game.

The Brooklyn club don't take to boy mascots, but they have a mascot all to themselves. It is a black pigeon. This pigeon circles around over the ball ground the Brooklyn club will win. When the black pigeon flies out with two white ones the score will be close.

A yellow dog once wandered upon the Polo grounds, and was adopted by the New York club as a mascot. It did not bring the club luck, but it got its pound of beefsteak.

Another great idea that the ball players get is that some certain person brings his side bad luck, and that they will never win a game when the person is present.

Players have been known to turn shirts wrong side out before beginning play, and to sleep at night always on the same side, with their heads in a certain position.—New York Sun.

Cruising Parties and Leased Yachts.

There must be a large semi-famous floating population around New York during the summer season. All over the harbor and up the sound, as far as Greenwich, you will find yachts, varying from \$300 to \$500, anchored in quiet bays and inlets, and serving as lodgings for their owners and their owners' families. On the larger vessels men and women live, sailing from place to place as the humor catches them. On the smaller ones bachelor parties hold merry revel. These latter are usually young men in business in the city, who attend to their occupation by day, and go cruising from Saturday till Monday. Many of these merely lease a yacht for the season. They keep the pantry full of cold meats and easily prepared canned stuff, and take their able-bodied meals ashore. One seaman says he has seen them sail their craft and take care of it when they are in the city. It does not cost them much, if anything, more than to pay room rent and board ashore, and they have a great deal more fun when the temperature is high.—Alfred Trumble in N. Y. News.

The Farms of Old Virginia.

In the first place, each family has its little domain, and, however small, it has an imposing English name, just as if it were an earldom. Somerset, Richmond, Aberdeen, Lennox, and Wayside are a few of the names of small farm-houses nestled in the Stafford pines and rounded by thousands of acres partially cultivated lands. These houses are all frame, generally two stories high, and the poorest of them is surrounded by a lawn, through which runs one or more carriage drives. One would expect to see castles when coming in view of the beautiful lawns and the centuries-old oaks, and would feel disappointed at the little white houses at the end of the drive; but there is a sort of rustic harmony in the picture after all. Seated in the verandas at evening and looking out on the oak-canopied lawns, you would forget the absence of the castle, and, if you were an Englishman, fancy yourself amidst the lime trees on one of the great old estates across the water.—Virginia Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Classified in Two Categories.

A banker, respectable as rich, giving counsel concerning men and things to a young man just about entering business, said: "For me, young man, men are classified in two categories, knaves and fools, and no more." "But—yourself?" "If I have a foot in each category."—New York Sun.

Warm Water Supply at Peth.

Warm water is now supplied at the rate of 175,000 gallons per day at Peth, from an artesian well said to be about 8,000 feet deep, and the deepest in the world. The temperature of the water is 161 degrees, but the work is to be continued until the temperature rises to 178 degrees. It is expected that the supply will also then be ample for all the wants of the city.—Foreign Letter.

Something for Boils and Carbuncles.

It is stated on good medical authority that the application of a solution of menthol in ether applied to carbuncles, boils or other inflammatory troubles, will, in many instances, entirely avert them.

THE SOLUTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN USED VARY FROM 10 TO 50 PER CENT. OF MENTHOL, AND APPLICATION IS MADE BY A CAMEL'S HAIR BRUSH TO THE AFFECTED PORTION.—CHICAGO JOURNAL.

The Novel as a Protection.

Many a good standard novel has been known to drag out a miserable existence at a watering place resort where it has served merely to chaperone the owner whenever she left her room to sit on the piazza or in the public parlors. A book keeps bored at bay. Its covers protect the reader almost as well as castle walls, and intruders stand aloof from the unsocial presence of reading matter.—Boston Herald.

The Natural Beauty of Pittsburgh.

In addition to natural gas and other modern wonders Pittsburgh has had an added to her list in the way of natural scenery. The hills around this city are honeycombed with abandoned coal pits. There are miles and miles of old entries, and thousands upon thousands of worked out "rooms" under the hills. The black wealth was turned out years ago, and now big holes along the bluff-sides mark the entrances to the catacombs.

The houses on Mount Washington, the Thirty-second ward, are built on the crust of earth above these tunnels. There is no system of drainage up there for a population of 7,000 or 8,000 people. Recently they found a way out of the difficulty. An oil well driller who went "broke" drilling in Washington county came to town. He had a brilliant idea. He struck a bargain with a resident named McCormick and in a few days the drill was clanking merrily in his back yard, and a week later all the refuse, sewage and waste water of the neighborhood were pouring through a six-inch well into old coal mine shafts beneath. The perpendicular sewer scheme since then is taking, and where one man can not afford to drill a well, several neighbors bear the expense and share the benefit.

Fears have existed that this will create a pestilence in years to come; that as there is no outlet the coal pits will become filled with the filth of the city and through the natural openings and fissures in the overlying rocks vapors and gases will carry death and disease abroad.—Pittsburg Letter.

Early Rising in Turkish Bed Rooms.

The simplicity of domestic furniture has its advantages. At the first alarm of fire everything can be turned out of the window without injury; but it is very much opposed to our western ideas of comfort, as the slave girls, unless carefully barricaded out, make an inroad into the sleeping room in early morning. They sweep up bed and bedding before your eyes are fairly open; two or three maidens pounce upon the mattresses, the yorhans and the embroidered pillows the instant they are unoccupied, and rolling the whole into the wrapper, bear it away to the vast cupboard constructed for that purpose in most of the rooms.

The visitor is left stranded, and is obliged to proceed with the incongruous feeling of dressing in a drawing-room. These remarks apply to orthodox, old-fashioned households. Young feminine Turkey has its French or German bedsteads, its armchair, its washstand, all marble and fine porcelain à la française.—Little Mail, Mrs. Walker.

Drinking Toasts with Highland Honors.

I was once in Scotland at a gathering of the clans, which dukes and earls, who were also Highland chiefs, attended, as in feudal times, at the head of their clans. The duke of Athole crossed the Grampians afoot with his men, the young and beautiful duchess riding by his side, but the loyal clansmen had no thought of equality because their master shared the fatigues of the march. After the sports there was a dinner, at which 400 Highlanders sat down under one roof, the magnates at the top of the table.

The toast was drunk with Highland honors, every man standing on his chair with one foot on the table, the lords and the gillies all in their kilts, and the very condescension of the chiefs made the followers more loyal. They were proud to call themselves the duke of Athole's men, the earl of Fife's men, the earl of Argyll's men.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

Line of Cure for Stuttering.

Stuttering is a purely nervous difficulty. The vocal muscles are able to do perfect work, but, from deficient innervation the mind can not command them to take care of it when they are in the city. It does not cost them much, if anything, more than to pay room rent and board ashore, and they have a great deal more fun when the temperature is high.—Alfred Trumble in N. Y. News.

The Triumph of the World.

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The Cars and Buses of Paris.

The great feature of the cars and buses in Paris is that they are never crowded. The conductor has the right to allow any one to board his conveyance after the seats are all taken, and if he has a platform no more than three, or at the outside four, are on this. The conductor always rigidly enforces the law against overcrowding. When all the seats are full the driver touches a cord which communicates with a little assistant and determined effort of the sufferer himself. Others can accomplish little for him. If his attention and his fear can be removed from the muscles of his throat while speaking, if he can forget that any trouble is there, he will soon improve in his power. This is the one line in which his efforts must be made, and with persistent patience it can be successful.—Scientific American.

What is said to be the largest schooner in the world will soon be launched at Bath, Me. She will have a coal-carrying capacity of 2,600 tons.

New York has boarding-houses for birds, whose owners have left the city during the summer months.

A farmer at Newberry, Tenn., has a hen that takes care of 170 young chickens and one little turkey.

Forty-seven thousand flats are said to be for rent in Paris. They would accommodate 300,000 people.

Er boy what is easier for his foder is giving her to easy for de law.—Arkansas traveler.

REFORMATION OF A "COWBOY."

A 17-Year-Old Dime Novel Reader, Who Thought Himself a "Bad One."

No man needs hope for good results in any effort to deal with criminals, whether they be in a prison or out of it, who does not believe that in every man there is a possibility of goodness. Any man who has dealt with criminals will admit that he has frequently been surprised by a development of such possibilities into the very satisfactory reality of honest, upright, self-respecting life.

It often happens, too, that a person criminally inclined only needs to get a right view of himself to bring about his reformation. Here is a boy, 17 years of age, who has read so many dime novels, or most of the titles of the plain, that his heated imagination has made him believe himself fitted with all the violent qualities that go to make a successful cowboy and Indian fighter. He, indeed has tried the experiment of being an actual cowboy, ran away to the south-west, learned to talk a bluish, and cattle, to make his talk a bluish of blather, to trottle all the tender emotions, and to despise the deceptions of polite society. But these accomplishments were not exceptional enough among the cowboys to attract much attention, and not finding the notoriety for which he craved, he came back to New York to be the terror of his wider mother.

The lane of a peaceful boarding-house that she kept. A cowboy in the south-west, learned to talk a bluish, and cattle, to make his talk a bluish of blather, to trottle all the tender emotions, and to despise the deceptions of polite society. But these accomplishments were not exceptional enough among the cowboys to attract much attention, and not finding the notoriety for which he craved, he came back to New York to be the terror of his wider mother.

The poor mother's life became a burden to her. The safety of her household made it necessary that she should call upon the law for protection against her own son. She went to the police station to make the complaint. The boy was very dear to her; he was her "baby," the youngest of the family; she was crushed by the necessity that made her the complainant against this boy. Her principles were, however, stronger than her feelings; she made the complaint, turned away from the station-house door, put her hand to her heart, gave a bitter moan of agony, cried out: "My heart is breaking," and fell dead. Her heart was, indeed, broken. And when the news of his mother's death was carried to the young bravo he said: "Now I suppose I shall be my own master." This would seem a bad case; one in which the better sentiments had been crushed out of existence.

This boy, as he appeared in our first interview, was fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a pleasant expression of countenance, a muscular body, and a somewhat slouchy, swaggering manner. We sat facing each other for two or three minutes, mentally studying each other. I found it necessary to take precedence in the conversation. "Well," I said, "I suppose I smiled—you are a fraud; you are no cowboy; you are no Indian-fighter; you are not Bloody Bill the Scout; you've succeeded in imposing upon your poor mother, who never saw an Indian in her life, and was always afraid of a gun; you've made fools of all the old boys; and after all you are only a poor, simple, ignorant, silly boy of 17, not even bad at heart, only you've persuaded yourself that you are bad, and people have called you bad, and you've come to believe you are. You ought to be sent to an asylum for weak-minded youth, or a woman's school; you're not fit for state prison. You can never make a successful criminal; you haven't got it in you."

The boy looked amazed. He had evidently expected that I would tell him what a desperate character he was. His lip quivered, and the tears came into his eyes; being found out in his deception, he "put up his hands," and capitulated to his better nature. He has concluded to be a farmer, and has conducted himself very respectably ever since that conversation. He had chosen to play a part before the world, and the world had been foolish enough to allow him to occupy the place he had chosen. He had been fascinated by the bravado of crime and consumed with a craving for criminal notoriety, and this craving was fed by the account of every criminal exploit and sensational trial that he had read in the newspapers, and by every recognition of the distinction he had attained. Having been convinced that his view of life was a false and dangerous one, it was only necessary to supply a new set of interests to save the boy. In our country jails his criminal tendencies would have been further cultivated and developed, in our prisons he would have still further stigmatized as belonging to the dangerous class.—W. R. Round in the Forum.

Cheap Books Published in England.

The publication of cheap books in England as well as here, has led to a marvelous improvement in the character of the works issued for popular circulation. Instead of the familiar penny dreadfuls and shilling shockers, the cream of English literature is now found in the book stalls and on the railway news stands at a price accessible to all. A strange feature of the change is that American writers now in England with the home authors—Hawthorne, Holmes, Whittier, Howells and James, not to mention Longfellow, being almost invariably found beside Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, Blackmore, Collins, Black and Tennyson. It is a good thing for the public, but we fear the authors lose by it.—New York Graphic.

Sir John and His Pet Wasp.

Sir John Lubbock, at a recent meeting of a natural science association in London, exhibited a very strange pet. It was a tame wasp which had been in his possession for about three years. He took sugar from his hand and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had very appearance of health and happiness; and, although it enjoyed an "outing" occasionally, it readily returned to its bottle, which it seemed to regard as a home.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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SOUTHWESTERN PINE TIMBER.

Timber Area of New Mexico and Arizona.—The Sierra Madre's Forests.

In a general way it can be stated that the genus Pinus tapers toward the south, whereas the Picea comes up from Mexico and runs out in Arizona. Of the former, P. Murrayana and ponderosa are most esteemed as building lumber. P. edulis (the "Pinon") is hardly good for anything but firewood and small beams. For posts, the red cedar and the junipers (J. occidentalis and J. californica) are profitably used. Wide smaller conifers extend into the plain, the Pinon grows on extensive mesas or lower slopes; the silvery yellow pine covers crevices and the higher declivities and lines mountain torrents in deep ravines. Dense forests are not common. Northern New Mexico enjoys rather a widespread timber area to what is called "Tierra amarilla" (yellow land or soil), and the plateau of the Zuni range, between Fort Wingate and Nutria, bears a fine growth of stately trees. Many canons are well stocked, but, on the whole, denuded and treeless expanses vastly predominate.

Arizona exhibits similar proportions. The pine regions around the Sierra Blanca are everywhere bounded by naked ranges, basins and plateaus, and so are the San Francisco mountains. Towards the south all chains become more arid, and therefore, in appearance at least, abrupt and forbidding. There is a great deal of timber, however, in the country, of species which, under favorable circumstances, also assume arboreal proportions, like the mesquite (Prosopis juliflora), the palo-verde or green wood (Parkinsonia torreyana) the red madroño (Arbutus Xalapensis); but conifers are scarce, except isolated and very small trees, such as the Sierra Huachuca and the Sierra Santa Rita, south of Tucson. Both are very high, the latter culminating at 10,500 feet. It is a well-known fact that the timber line of Arizona in latitude 33 to 34 degrees north is several hundred feet lower than that of Colorado in latitude 38 to 39 degrees, but these are local conditions. Under the parallels of 37 to 38 degrees, in Colorado also, the timber line is, on an average, 1,000 feet below that of only one degree further north, 600 feet below the uppermost tree-limit of the Arizonian White mountains, and 1,100 feet lower than on the San Francisco range.

No part of our southwestern territories has a timber area that equals in magnitude the vast area, covered with coniferous forests, of the Sierra Madre de Chihuahua and of Sonora. The Sierra Madre begins in latitude 30 degrees 45 minutes (about), and as its slopes ascend, the growth of timber thickens and becomes more prominent. It is well watered, delightfully cool in summer, not too cold in winter. Game abounds, for along the water-courses grows luxuriant grass. But the region is inaccessible as yet, for so long as Apache outbreaks occur, so long as the savage makes his headquarters, his place of refuge. The greatest wealth of the basin, aside from mines (many of which are yet problematical), consists in its timber. Approach to it must come from the east, as the western entrances are few, tortuous and often barred by nearly unscalable heights.—New York Post.

Packing Fruit in California.

Imagine the labor of picking, packing and shipping so vast a quantity of fruit. Nicety and care must mark every step in the proceedings. Not an individual can be packed with the stem removed, especially if the boxes are to cross the continent, or be sent to Oregon or Washington or British Columbia. Not one bruised in the slightest degree must reach into the box, lest, like a bad boy among his fellows, it shall affect all the others. In packing nearly all the fruits the empty boxes are turned top down on the tables, with the cover securely nailed on. A layer of the fruit—cherries, peaches—is then placed in regular, even rows on the cover, with stems all standing. This gives to the fruit when opened an orderly appearance which arrests the eye, and in nine cases out of ten makes the looker-on feel that he wants that fruit. The cherries are now packed in carefully between the upright stems and until the box is full. Now the bottom cover is applied and the box turned over and branded, if that has not already been done. Thus, you perceive, that the packing of fresh fruit is a thing in the world which is done from the top up.—San Francisco Cor. Cleveland Leader.

The Triumph Would Be Brief.

It is practicable to-day for an ironclad to enter our harbors and lay our seaports under tribute, but the triumph would be brief and the result would be empty. We can quickly defend our seaports, and, as for invasion and permanent occupation of our territory, Europe combined could not successfully accomplish it. At this moment our standing army is small, but in a week we can concentrate at any point of attack 100,000 well-equipped and well-drilled volunteers, not surpassed to-day by any infantry in the world. In the war between the states over 3,000,000 soldiers were enrolled in the opposing armies. Many of them still survive, and will fight shoulder to shoulder against an invading army, and animated by patriotic emulation in repelling a common enemy, the world in arms would be no match for us.—Gen. D. H. Maury in New York Star.

A Discovery of More Microbes.

At the recent meeting of the State Medical association of Texas Dr. McLaughlin, of Austin, read a paper, claiming that he had made a remarkable discovery in regard to dengue fever. He claims to have found the microbes of the disease, and from his experiments he believes that the same discoveries are to be made in small-pox, yellow fever, typhoid fever, cholera, chicken cholera and Texas cattle fever, all of which can be mitigated or avoided by vaccinating with attenuated virus.—Medical Journal.

The Thirteenth of the Month.

The baby monarch of Spain is the eleventh European sovereign who, in historical times, has been labeled with the questionable number thirteen. As his companions he has an emperor of Constantinople, a king of France, two kings of Sweden, and six popes of Rome.—Chicago Tribune.

Plays "Adapted from the English."

French and German managers have at last reached that stage of appreciation when they are willing to advertise plays "adapted from the English."

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AMZIDODD, - - - - President.

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LIABILITIES (4 per cent Reserve) - - - - 26,857,837 70

SURPLUS (New York Standard) - - - - 11,757,481 62

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